VVithout the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet whoſe perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the graſſe,
VVith pearlie ſwet reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkeneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldē threeds playd with her breath,
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſtie!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
Ech in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truely honored.
Theſe worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
VVho like a fowle vſurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

VVhat